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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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Socialism and Catholicism

Archbishop Corrigan
of the Roman Catholic
Church, New York,

has been preaching a series of sermons in St. Patrick's Cathedral against Socialism. The result, as is inevitable whenever a moribund institution makes an open attack upon the truth, is puerility. The underlings of the church have taken up the Corrigan cue and are now engaged in exposing the weakness of their position. For once this Roman ecclesiastical machine is practicing that of which it is seldom guilty—poor politics. If these astute defenders of "the faith" only keep on talking long enough they will do themselves out of business. Evidently if the present motion is on the initiative of Rome, Catholicism needs a new pope—the old one's statecraft is exhausted. Almost any of the sleek cardinals who are waiting for Leo to go would be too smooth to attack in the open field a truth which is gaining converts by the million. The world seems to have moved past Leo. A better politician would advocate saddling and bridling the movement by befriending it. That is the only thing Socialists have to look out for.

To combat the stuff which, for instance, Corrigan is grinding out, would make a strong Socialist feel like a man who has whipped an old woman—ashamed of himself. For Corrigan and the others to be ordered to say something when they have nothing to say is

punishment enough. To read what they preach moves the reader to pity. Here is a bit of the Corrigan pabulum:

According to Socialism the state is a beehive in which all work, where there are no drones. Now, it seems that, were these theories to prevail, there would be much less liberty and equality. There is enough misery in the world now, and the Pope says that, in order to remedy these evils, the Socialists play on the envy of the poor for the rich and by their methods would increase this misery.

The condition of the poor, of the laborer is better to-day than if Socialistic theories were practiced. Instead of producing perfect laws of liberty and equality, regulating labor and capital, more wretchedness would certainly exist in this life, and perhaps in that to come.

God gave the earth to man to be divided according to certain natural laws. Each may have a part if he can get it. One excludes another only in a negative sense.

Mr. Corrigan is trying to say, without saying it, that if drones were abolished, and all worked, there would be less equality than there is now, which is absurd upon its face. His declaration picturing what the Socialist state would produce is made with all the fine composure of ignorance.

And each can have a part of the earth
IF HE CAN GET IT!

There is a higher ethic, Mr. Corrigan.

Other Catholic Methods

If the preaching of the prelates is poor politics, the action of some of the local priests is suicidal. In Chicago they have declared their intention of disrupting the labor

unions. Quite a job they have on their hands, a job Capitalism will be glad to see them undertake, for Capitalism alone has been unable, so far, to do it.

According to priestly manifestos, labor unions governed by principles outlined in the encyclical letters of Pope Leo XIII. on labor, are to be organized in the different Roman Catholic parishes throughout Chicago and the State.

For the purpose of most effectively fighting and impeding the Socialistic movements in the labor circles, and to secure solution of questions between labor and capital by peaceful means" under the guidance of the church a general catholic labor movement was started at a conference of catholic clergy and laymen of different nationalities, held at the office of Theodore B. Thiele, chairman of the vigilance committee of the Federation of German Catholic Societies of Illinois. Priests and prominent Roman Catholic laymen of Chicago and other places throughout the State have for several months been working upon a plan of organizing catholics. The preparations were kept secret until the above conference was held. It is principally an attack upon Socialism; an effort to secure concentrated action of all Roman Catholics throughout the State in fighting what the church calls "the evil."

The vigilance committee of the Federation of German Catholic Societies has outlined the plan of action for the German Catholics, and under the direction of the different priests at the recent conference will issue a call to the pastors and officers of organizations and parishes of the different nationalities in Chicago. The different nationalities are each individually to take up the organizing in their respective parishes and then are to come together and form a central catholic labor union. Many German, Bohemian, Polish and French Roman Catholics responded to the original invitation of the German Federation committee and now efforts will be made

to take up the work of each individual parish.

Preliminary mass meetings and talks for the purpose of organizing the catholic workmen will be held each week in different parishes, especially among the nationalities above named. There will be a general rally of all the German catholic workmen as soon as addresses are made in every German catholic parish. The plan of the labor movement has received the encouragement and assurance of indorsement, support and co-operation of different Roman Catholic bishops throughout the country who are interested in watching the effort of the catholic leaders.

In fact, this catholic labor movement will be one of the principal features to be considered and discussed at the coming convention in Cincinnati, where all catholic organizations will convene to discuss and decide the forming of a large federation of all catholic organizations in this country. Several catholic bishops of the East are back of the federation plan, and they have announced a desire to make the fostering of the catholic labor movement throughout the country one of the basic objects of the general federation.

That this church should to-day be true to its historic traditions and be found laying plans to aid Capitalism in destroying the only organizations that have withstood the utter exploitation of the working class is natural and logical. It is only because the intention so to do has been blatantly published that the action is suicidal. To openly apply medieval methods of attack to twentieth century problems is where the bad politics comes in. There is little doubt that much of the dissension which has been exhibited in the ranks of organized labor has been due to catholic influence working quietly in the dark. There have been disruptions and obstinacies in labor unions only explainable on the ground that some secret strings were being pulled; strings more subtle than the strings of Capitalism. The coming

into the open with a public catholic organization is another confession of weakness; a confession that the old methods of intrigue are being abandoned as futile. The periods during which the Roman Catholic Church has "enjoyed herself" have been periods when she has made but little uproar. Whenever she has been losing ground she has always cried out. That is what ails her now. She is more than frightened; she is in a panic. This attempted organization of catholic labor proves it.

There are more organized workmen who are not catholics than there are organized workmen who are catholics. If it comes to a question of organization, the men of the larger organizations will get the jobs. If catholic workmen are silly enough to withdraw from their present unions and form little ones of their own, they may find themselves without work to do. They may, therefore, have to choose between their religion and their bread. Such an issue in America has only to be defined clearly enough and Mr. Corrigan and other gentlemen like him will have to do what they ought to have been doing long ago, and what, if they only knew it, they would be happier in doing—some honest work. There have been fanatical gentlemen in history who voluntarily starved for their religion; but if you will notice St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth avenue; and then have a look at the parish house; and then have a look at Mr. Corrigan himself, you will not notice any traces of the spiritual influences of asceticism.

Catholicism and Education

men have been forced into the arena to kick up their heels that they have abandoned their time-honored methods.

Every move of the people toward the education that alone insures freedom receives the catholic stiletto in the back.

At the last session of the Illinois leg-

islature a bill was presented calculated to allow a single creditable school to be conducted in townships in which the population is widely scattered.

The plan was, instead of having six little, isolated, red schoolhouses, with one cheap teacher and ten pupils each, scattered over the township, there should be one larger and better schoolhouse in the geographical center, which should have a couple of good teachers; the 60 pupils to be gathered up in vans in the morning and returned to their homes after school.

This plan would save money to such townships and result in higher and more thorough education. The bill passed the legislature; at least it went through by default, a lot of the craven "representatives" who feared catholic influence, and yet who did not dare to oppose the bill, not voting at all. The bill was reported passed and the gentleman who is rattling round in the governor's chair vetoed it.

At a recent meeting of the public school extension committee at the Chicago Art Institute, arranged by the able and winsome Charles Zeublin of the Chicago University—a young professor whose democratic spirit makes him a luminous figure against the plutocratic background of the coal-oil school—the matter of this veto was discussed.

Miss Hargaret Haley, of taxation fame, declared from the floor that the bill had been defeated by the agent of the school-book combination. She said she knew the fellow. He had boasted to her that he had worked so hard to defeat the bill he had defeated another bill which he had gone to Springfield to promote. Like the celebrated bread cutter, he was so strong that he cut the loaf and himself in two, and the man behind him.

Inasmuch as sixty children in one school would need as many books as sixty children in six schools, and the school-book combination is moved only by the desire to sell books, it was hard to see why Miss Haley's man should

have fought the bill so strenuously. It didn't quite chime with good reasoning.

Mr. Orville T. Bright, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Cook County, who was on the platform, allowed that Miss Haley had failed to arrive. She knew all about taxation, but Mr. Bright said she didn't know anything about this bill. Mr. Bright said the bill had passed and that Governor Yates had vetoed it because the Order of Foresters had told him to. The Order of Foresters is an Irish Catholic society, and under the present system the Foresters and a weak politician make a combination the people cannot beat. So public education gets another black eye from its time-honored and always alert enemy, the Roman Catholic Church.

And the governor of Illinois?

Well, the decent Republicans who voted for him say he is a mistake. "The son of the war governor." He is more than a mistake; he is a misfortune. Somebody himself, like Alschuler, is always better than the son of somebody, like Yates.

The Republicans are sorry they did it.

Further Educational Enmity



The last onslaught of superstition upon education in Illinois,

and it is doubtless going on in other States, too, as the Roman Catholic Church is a unit, is the attack upon the Chicago Board of Education for furnishing free text books to pupils.

The board had decided to furnish free text books to the first four grades of the public schools, the pupils to use them until they moved up, and then pass them back to the following class, the books thus remaining public property, to be used over and over again until worn out, just as the desks are. There is no more reason why the State should not furnish books than that it should not furnish desks, or heat, or the building itself. No one except a moral strabismic, or a lawyer, could reach any other conclusion—if he reasoned.

The books were purchased by the

board, but before they could be distributed a bill for injunction was brought by one Peter Kill, "taxpayer"—certainly a man with an appropriate name—to prohibit their being placed in the hands of the pupils. Kill was the stalking-horse for the United German Catholic societies.

Judge Charles G. Neely issued the writ of injunction declaring that the Board of Education could not furnish text books free.

The impressive intelligence of this jurist was duly certified to by a talk he made on "the constitution" at the Fine Arts building in Chicago the other evening, in which he took the position that it was wrong to criticise the constitution. Anyone who thinks that a document which was the result of a compromise after a long wrangle between contending factions a hundred years ago is too sacred to be criticised, would issue an injunction against a cyclone if some muddle-head with a long face brought in the bill.

"Upon examination of the constitution and statutes of this State," declared the judge, "the Board of Education of the city of Chicago has no power to furnish free text books, and further legislation will be necessary to vest the board with that authority."

Judge Neely's decision does not end the matter, however. As soon as the decision had been read Altgeld, Darrow & Thompson, attorneys for the Board of Education, gave notice that the case would be taken to the Appellate Court.

Ex-Governor Altgeld argued the case for the board several weeks ago. His arguments rested upon the contention that the statute providing for "an efficient system of free schools, whereby all children of the State may receive a good common school education," was broad enough to confer power upon the Board of Education to furnish free text books.

Here is the marvelously learned opinion of Judge Neely:

It has been argued here that the question of furnishing free text books is not a ques-

tion of law to be decided by the courts, but is a question of fact to be decided by the school authorities. We think the contention is wrong and that it is a question for the court to decide whether the school board is acting within the law.

In argument before the court, counsel stated that the books to be purchased were not to be given to the pupils, but simply used by them in school, the books were to be kept in the schoolroom and remain the property of the board; that the books were not presented to the children, but loaned to them. By this contention counsel for the defendant seems to admit that the board cannot buy books for the children and make them presents.

The question is not whether the child owns the book or borrows it, but the question is may the school board expend money for the books to be furnished to the children free? The question is the expenditure of money. If the board has no authority under the statute to expend money to buy a book and make a present of it to a child, then the board has no legal right to expend money to buy a book and loan it to a child. The right to expend money is the question, not the custody or ownership of the book.

Such an astonishingly intelligent delivery could only issue from a man who had more veneration for ossifications in law than for common sense.

However, it served the Catholic purposes, using the judge as they had used the governor, they again spiked the guns of free education. And they made no secret of it.

Theodore B. Thiele, chairman of the vigilance committee of the United German Catholic Societies, said:

"The decision of Judge Neely in this case is certainly very gratifying to me, but it is far more important that the rights of the people in this matter have been protected, and that it is pointed out to the members of the Board of Education that they cannot introduce Socialistic measures into the management of the institutions in their charge so long as the representatives of the people, assembled in the legislature, have not given them the express power to do so."

It is an interesting commentary on the intelligence of American people that they should look with serenity on catholic societies which maintain a "vigilance

committee" for the purpose of hampering and abridging public education.

Any nation which allows such tampering with the fundamental basis of its existence will not long remain a great nation, and does not deserve to be called one; and any church which makes fidelity to its organization a stultification of the intellect is a travesty upon religion and should be dismissed from the service of mankind. Socialists are often criticised for pointing to the public schools as exemplifications of the Socialist principle. When the Catholics fight school extensions as Socialistic measures, they sufficiently prove the Socialist contention.

Railroad Consolidation

The principal event of the commercial world during the month was the consolidation of the railroads of the great West. Mr. J. J. Hill had attempted to gobble the Burlington system and make it a feeder for his Northwestern lines, shutting out the Union Pacific, which depends on the Burlington as its Eastern outlet. He secured control of the Burlington, but cannot use it quite as he pleases, at least at present, owing to the financial strength of the Union Pacific crowd. Meanwhile he has incorporated the Northern Securities Company at a capitalization of \$400,000,000, giving the stock of the huge corporation in exchange for that of the various properties consolidated.

This Northern Securities Company affair certainly marks a giant stride in railroad consolidation. It may not—most probably will not—stop at ownership of Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Its present capital of \$400,000,000 can be increased to any extent under the New Jersey charter. It may go on to take up the ownership of St. Paul, Northwest, Chicago Great Western and even Union Pacific—which would bring under single control nearly 50,000 miles of transportation line, with a capital of some \$2,000,000,000, stocks and bonds.

One of the company's officers, answering a question as to when a formal statement will be made of the terms under which the Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares will be turned over, said: "I hardly think the public need expect any formal statement on this point. There is no necessity for it."

In other words, these great national highways and their conduct constitute none of the people's business.

Notwithstanding this amiable attitude on the part of these gentlemanly plunderers, the consolidation is calling out many warnings respecting the suppression of competition and the popular excitements likely to result therefrom. Nor is the feeling that the public temper is being put to too severe a test by these continued and all-powerful massings of capital confined to uncommercial circles. It finds occasional expression in the "street" itself, as when Russell Sage says that great public excitement is likely to result in the States traversed by the combined railways, and much hostile legislation, unless the monopoly is "most cautiously and conservatively managed." "A combination of this sort," he says, "throttles competition, and the people 'don't like it.'"

It would be interesting to know what the people can do about it. Minnesota has stringent laws against such combinations, but she would have to be a David indeed to slay this monstrous Goliath. However, she seems to be making a bluff at it.

The following statement was given out from Governor Van Sant's office in Minneapolis recently:

"Owing to the great interests of the people of the States west of us, and the great desire to see the attempt to consolidate the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railway lines resisted, Gov. Van Sant has concluded to invite the Governors of the States having anti-consolidation laws similar to those of Minnesota to join in an effort to fight the great railway trouble."

It is understood that a conference of the governors is to be planned to consider the best method of fighting the

Northern Securities Company in the courts, and by new legislation if necessary.

Really, however, there is not very much that a State can fight.

Competition does not belong to railroads, and never did. As to local business, they are not, as a rule, and never have been, competitive, and the worst that can be done by such a combination as the Northern Securities Company stands for will be to extend to business between certain large cities the same conditions long since pertaining to transportation between smaller places lying between competitive points. And the large cities are entitled to no more and no less protection from railroad monopoly than the small cities and towns.

All are entitled to the fullest measure of protection. The single railroad has long since been recognized as a monopoly that should be put under government control. The combination of several railroads constitutes a monopoly certainly no more to be allowed to do as it pleases than the single road. But in spite of all efforts to bring the interstate roads under effective national control, there has been failure. Government supervision under the interstate commerce act has broken down. The law is daily violated. Little pretense of observing it is made. Meantime railroad capital concentrates in more and more powerful masses.

An issue of tremendous consequence is thus being brought home to the whole country. It is a matter for conjecture if these railroad and financial manipulators comprehend what this issue is. The failure of full and effective government regulation which the roads have so far succeeded in breaking down means nothing less than speedy government ownership. And toward just that conclusion the combinations are forcing the country.

What the Socialists have been advocating to the country, the country is soon to be whipped into doing.

The hope of the Socialist for a sane and strifeless progress toward a co-operative and friendly condition of society cannot be realized so long as the sluggish people persist in waiting to be whipped into doing the plainly perceived inevitable.

Meanwhile Mr. J. J. Hill, hated and feared by nine-tenths of the people in the Northwest, who are too dull to legally take from him what belongs to them, is saying to himself: "What a funny little government!"

James J. Hill
Capitalist

Mr. Hill is a man of those singular anti-social instincts which

under a normal condition of society would make him a social leper. He is a logical descendent of the old robber barons. He believes that the proper study of mankind is man—and his exploitation. Ever since he recognized how easy it is to beat the common people at sharp practice, he has been hard at it.

At the conclusion of his recent lease of the Burlington road he took a trip, unheralded, over the line. The thousands of employes who by their ignorance make such monstrosities as Mr. Hill possible, stood, cap in hand, at his every appearance. The Chicago Chronicle reports that at one station an alert employee, instead of obeying a command of the great king in silence, as he likes to be obeyed, sprang to execute the order with a "certainly, Mr. Hill, with pleasure!"

"Go to the devil!" replied the courtly railroad magnate.

Although we Christians have somewhat outgrown the idea of an orthodox devil as an instrument of common punishment, we sort of hang onto him as a special person to send people to—people whom we don't like. There is only one Christian quality which friends of Mr. Hill report as lacking in him—hypocrisy. They say his ethics are those of a clean-cut and bold brutality.

Such men as Mr. Hill are a disease and should be treated as such. They should not be hated, for they are but the products of social ignorance.

Perhaps the clearest light that may be thrown upon Mr. Hill's character off-hand, is his action regarding a station on the Great Northern Railway.

Wayzata is a little town on the shore of beautiful Minnetonka. The houses front the lake, almost on a level. The Great Northern built its tracks along the shore, and put a siding there, too. Then it began to leave strings of freight cars between the homes and the lake, so that the people could not see the lake from their homes, nor get to their pleasure boats with their children without going around the cars or crawling under them. They appealed to Mr. Hill. No answer. They appealed again. No answer. They appealed again. He did not even tell them to go to the devil.

Then they took the matter into court and won the case. Mr. Hill appealed to the higher court. The people won again. Mr. Hill was ordered to keep his cars off the lake front.

One day a lot of Mr. Hill's men came to Wayzata and moved the Wayzata depot a mile up the track into the woods, away from the village. It is there to this day. When the Wayzata people wish to go to St. Paul or Minneapolis they have to walk or drive this mile to the station over miserable roads, in all kinds of weather.

Some day the world will cease to produce such men as Mr. Hill, but that will only be when the material resources of the world, its fields, its mines and its railroads, belong to all the people; belong to the Wayzata villagers as well as to Mr. Hill. When that time comes a man will not need the characteristics of the devil to gain what the world will call success.

When that time comes, to be great a man will have only to be kind.

The Catholic Blight

The Roman Catholic Church, with its long retinue of parasites—priests, bishops and cardinals—those who get their bread and shelter and clothing from the people without productive labor, by fatuously pretending to be the representatives of God, has thrown down the gauntlet to Socialism.

Hundreds of good, kindly men and women must henceforth frown upon a movement which they know to embody all the elements of justice and right because their parents were born in mental slavery and because they themselves have not the courage for independent moral choosing. The power of religious dogma, when inculcated early, is such as to stifle conscience, compassion, and, finally, every feeling of humanity.

Those men in the Catholic Church who know better, men like Bishop Spaulding of Peoria, are now under orders from Rome to make a verbal assault upon what they know to be right.

It is the beginning of the end.

The Roman Catholic Church has never in all its history made open warfare upon anything so long as its object might be attained by circumvention. Pretending to be interested in things of the life to come, it has striven throughout its existence to gather into its voracious maw all the material things of this life, which its grotesque priestly keys of heaven and hell could intimidate the ignorant into yielding up to it.

Its history is like the glow worm's history; it has always shone brightest in the dark.

During those historic periods when ignorance has been most base, when superstition, the child of ignorance, has most abounded, the Roman Catholic Church has glittered most resplendently, sweeping into its coffers gold, silver and jewels in return for indulgences—special papal permission to do wrong without forfeiting chances of heaven.

For example, in the sixteenth century, "Go, ye, into all lands and sell licenses to commit sin", was the sum and substance of the pope's instructions to his commissioners. The right to sell these indulgences in Germany was granted to Albert, archbishop of Magdeburg. Albert and Pope Julius were to divide the proceeds, "share and share alike."

Albert's special agent in this unholy business was a priest named Tetzl, as noisy, impudent and wily a rascal as ever wore a cassock.

Tetzl and his brother monks of the Dominican order traveled up and down selling these pardons. Special inducements were offered to common sinners to come forward and purchase. If they had no sins of their own they were urged to buy pardons for erring friends, male or female. Pardons were sold for sins already committed and also for sins which the purchasers might yet commit.

The historians report that one good German Catholic, disgusted at the avarice and baseness of the church, and particularly exasperated at the conduct of the blatant Tetzl, bought from the noisy rogue a pardon for a sin he intended to commit. Having obtained the paper, he waylaid Tetzl, beat him within an inch of his life, and then, when arraigned for his offense, pleaded Tetzl's pardon, given in advance, and thus escaped punishment.

The historian, Robertson, gives a copy of the indulgences sold to the faithful. It is as follows:

May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority, that of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures in whatever manner they have been incurred, and then from all thy sins, transgressions and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy See; and as far as the keys of the holy Church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account; and I restore you to the holy sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to

that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that when you die, the gates of punishment shall shut, and the gates of the paradise of delight shall be opened; and if you shall not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death.

A man might buy one of these from the rascally priest, Tetzal, go out and kill his mother-in-law, confiscate her property and remain as pure as the babe at baptism. For the purpose of revenue the church had slightly twisted the scripture of which it was the most holy guardian. A rich man could enter the kingdom of heaven, by paying the priests for it.

Regarding those who neglected to buy these pardons before death, and so went to purgatory, their children could get them out of torment.

According to Robertson, Tetzal thus delivered himself in such cases:

The souls confined in purgatory, for whose redemption indulgences are purchased, as soon as the money tinkles in the chest, instantly escape from that place of torment and ascend into heaven. Lo! the heavens are open; if you enter not now, when will you enter? For twelve pence you may redeem the soul of your father out of purgatory; and are you so ungrateful that you will not rescue your parent from torment?

Surely it were a mean son who would not give twelve pence to get the old man out of torment—even risk losing it, supposing he should be already out.

The method of raising money by singing masses is carried on by the church to-day.

The reason that, using religion as its vehicle of exploitation, this church has done more than any other ecclesiastical machine to stultify intelligence and debauch the souls of men by darkening their minds, is that its code of morality has always been based upon obedience to the church instead of upon obedience to the right. It is because of the mental impregnation of this mischievous doctrine that Catholics will obey the church in opposing what they know to be right. The premise laid down is this: God is Right. The Church is God; hence the Church is Right!

One has only to look at the church's history to get a definite opinion on this point—not the history prepared by the church for its own readers, but the history that is undoctored.

Savonarola exclaimed: "To say that the pope cannot do wrong because he is the pope is equivalent to saying that a Christian cannot do wrong because he is a Christian." The infallible person—the gentleman who could not do wrong—had Savonarola hanged to prove it.

The moment you believe you can shift your wrongdoing upon an institution and purchase absolution for your crimes by paying for them in money, your conscience, that delicate monitor God puts into every human soul, takes flight.

The moment you give your conscience into another's keeping, be it one man or a body of men, you close up your only approach to God. All there is of God is accessible to you if you will have it so, without the intervention of priestly incantations.

For a human being called a pope to assume that he has special privileges in God, that he has a monopoly of truth and can palliate crimes by pomp, circumstance or routine observances, is blasphemy. The impartial goodness of the All Father radiates from the sunshine and the falling rain.

When the pope can keep the sunshine from you, then he can keep God from you—not before.

The wrong you do you suffer for; you sear and mar your soul's growth in the doing; you cannot purchase absolution with vulgar money, paid even to well-meaning priests.

You can offset the wrong things you do only by the right things you do, God Himself will strike the balance.

You cannot bribe God by giving to the pope.

If God could be hoodwinked by masses and other incantations, you yourself could purchase absolution; you could go into your back yard and beat a tin pan and have your sins forgiven you.

A church that inculcates any other

philosophy than that of the direct individual responsibility of every soul to its Maker, prostitutes human life and degrades religion into a mere huckstering.

You cannot give your soul into another's keeping without abdicating responsibility.

That it is possible for good men and women to place any reliance whatever upon the virtue of the Roman Catholic Church is explainable only on the ground that the exertion of their intelligence in that direction has been stifled from infancy. For its history is written. He who runs may read.

There is no organization in all history whose record is smirched with blacker crimes, or whose leaders have fallen to lower depths of infamy.

Noble men arising within it and seeing its wickedness and prostitution of the truth, have striven vainly to purify and redeem it, but they have died in broken-hearted failure, as Francis of Assisi died.

A corrupt organization cannot be reformed from within. There are too many members of it who are interested in keeping things as they are. They combat changes. They discourage reformers, and, if need be, silence them.

Savonarola tried to purify the Roman Catholic Church from within and they hanged him and burned his body. Wickliffe tried to do it and they silenced him and dispersed his followers, the Lollards.

They stamped out the Lollard movement in blood. Wickliffe had translated the Bible into English. It was he who first gave the common people of England the opportunity to read those writings. Before that time the Bible was a sealed book to them. It was written in Latin.

Most of the incantations of the Roman Catholic Church to-day are conducted in Latin. The idea is that religion is a privilege which only a few may have at first hand. Priests have been necessary in order that God might know what

is going on in the world. As soon as God learns the other languages, the common people will be able to pray for themselves. If the priests are to be trusted, God is a very dull student. He has to be helped to understand.

John Huss and Jerome of Prague, two eminent scholars and ecclesiastics, saw that Wickliffe was right, and also tried to redeem the church from vulgarity. They, too, hoped to clean out the stable from the inside. The servants of God who were running the church at that time invited Huss to go to the town of Constance to meet them. They guaranteed him against all harm, and supplied him with a safe conduct. When Huss reached Constance the Lord's anointed made a brush pile, put Huss upon it and burned him alive, and threw his ashes into the Rhine.

These meek followers of the lowly Jesus, who, because they stood so close to God, could barter forgiveness of sins for money, then went after Jerome of Prague. They burned him, too. They were so afraid God would not be respected that they turned themselves into fiends and devils to defend Him. It must have flattered God very much.

These were great days for the Lord's anointed. Humbugs, frauds, bogus miracles and relics abounded. Miraculous oil was common. You could buy a piece of the true cross if you paid well for it, and such objects as St. Anne's comb and the Virgin Mary's petticoat were accessible to the real good.

The Lord's anointed needed cash in those days, as they do now.

Two popes, Alexander VI. and Julius II., had squandered the earthly funds committed to their charge. The special, infallible representative of God on earth, His Holiness, Pope Alexander VI., was as pretty a libertine as ever charmed mass. His illegitimate children disported themselves proudly at the Vatican and lavishly spent the revenues which flowed in from the faithful. One of these sons, Caesar Borgia, became the wonder and scandal of Europe.

Machiavelli, no small scoundrel himself, as scoundrels go, admired him so much that he wrote a book with Borgia as the hero. It is called "The Prince."

It was this Alexander VI., the immoral man of the Vatican, who had Savonarola, the moral man of Florence, strangled and burned.

Then people quit trying to reform the Roman Catholic Church from within. They began to realize that it requires pressure from without to compel a rotten organization to purge itself.

Pretty soon Erasmus began to write.

Then Martin Luther came along.

Then William of Orange, one of the greatest men in history, struck a gallant blow for liberty and the Dutch Republic was born.

The Dutch Republic was the herald of the great upward movements of the masses.

The Reformation did much, but it might have done more if the stupid Protestants had not fallen to fighting among themselves—over their creeds. They soon became as bloodthirsty as the Catholics and went to burning people, too. This gave the Catholic blight a new opportunity. The Jesuits, fearless, crafty and tireless, went to work in all countries to counteract the reform movement. The horrors of the Inquisition frightened it out of Spain and crippled it in France. Bloody persecution checked it in Germany, Belgium and Switzerland.

Then at last the church made common cause with the European kings against the people. Owing to the exposures of the Reformation the people had begun to think.

"Support me," said pope to prince, potentate and power, "lest my overthrow be the prelude to your own." Altar and throne have worked together to exploit the people unto this day.

The history of this Roman Catholic Church, aside from its repulsive crimes and horrors, makes interesting reading for political instruction. We sometimes find it on the side of the people. This is, however, only when the kings,

or potentates have shown a disposition to make it disgorge its ill-got gain. Whenever the kings showed inclination to get some of the ecclesiastical plunder the church evinced its love for the people by rallying them to fight the kings. Millions of peasant souls thus gave up their lives for greed, and thought they were dying for God. When the people showed a disposition for freedom of thought, worship or political action, the popes would shake hands with the kings and the peasants would then die in attacking other peasants in the uprisings of the unfree—also, as they thought, for God.

According to Las Casas, "Christianity" murdered twelve millions in forty years.

And this is the church which, maintained to-day as it was maintained in the Middle Ages, on a foundation of ignorance and superstition, takes up the fight of capitalism against the last aspiration of the weary world of labor. Inside the stupefying atmosphere of priestcraft catholic labor still extends its worn hands of hope to its historic betrayer.

But outside the dawn is breaking.

For the first time in human history an ideal has come to birth that actually means to the crawling cohorts of the centuries' exploited a breath of real liberty. Warmed by this ideal, the common men and women of every nation, crushed by pope and king since the twilight of history, are raising the banner of the brotherhood of humanity—the only perfect symbol of the fatherhood of God.

High above the smoking incense which throughout the long ages has dulled the intellect and stupefied the senses in priestly slavery, waves the banner of the new commonwealth. High above the altar built by human hands, high above the cross with its Latin human mysteries so long the subject of cringing superstition, waves this glorious standard of the liberated peoples.

And the miner, deep in the sullen

bowels of the earth, dreams of the quickening sunshine; the man chained to the machine dreams of rustling trees and running waters; the woman of the sweatshop looks into the eyes of her starving child and her tired heart throbs with a vision of dimpled meadows and waving grain; the great sad psalm of ceaseless human misery quickens to a joyous note, the note of a hymn of freedom.

For upon the folds of this mystic banner is traced a new inscription, a legend which bespeaks human liberty. It is not written in one language. It is written in every language. It needs no pope nor priest to interpret it. Man did not write it and man cannot efface it.

It is traced by the finger of God:

"WORKINGMEN, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT

YOUR CHAINS. YOU HAVE A WORLD TO GAIN."

The doom word has been spoken.

The fiat has gone forth.

God and the People.

The Roman Catholic Church, ancient and tireless enemy of God's dream of an erect manhood, will go down when Capitalism goes down.

It will fall like a house of rotten deal as soon as the tap root from which it sucks its sustenance is severed. Vampire of the centuries, it will have but little care for God when God can no longer be harnessed to assist it in its plundering.

As it stand to-day, shadowy, ghost-like, with its grotesque, threatening finger, its skirts trailed in the lust and blood of the ages, it has only to be squarely looked upon and it will vanish—vapory, bodiless—a hideous dream of the night.



Prayer

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithly on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.



Corruption of the Higher Classes in Japan

BY S. KATAYAMA

Mr. Katayama is editor of "The Labor World;" the sole organ of the laborers of Japan. Mr. Katayama knows the inside of Japanese jails, having been several times incarcerated for his published opinions. The Socialist Spirit will from time to time print short articles from Mr. Katayama's pen. This article refers to the Peers' Club of Tokyo, Japan.

As the editor of the Spirit is ignorant of the Japanese language Mr. Katayama has made his own translation into English.)

THERE stand a magnificent edifice of European style beside one or two elegant architectures of native shape near the Imperial Hotel just east to the Imperial Parliament Building. The place is the Peers' Club where every peers comes to enjoys and an elegant dinner may be served at a cost and every modern improvement are made to so satisfy the nobilities of new as well as old Japan. In the buildings there are many exactly furnished rooms and halls of every and all sizes that may suit to any size of party, for both foreign and home style.

Here in these palaces of the rich and ranks Peers and their friends frequent to make merry and enjoyment. They are capitalists through and through doing nothing but living on interests or shares and government bonds and in reality live on the results of others' labor.

They ought behave decent so as to be an example to those less fortunated. But on the contrary they are behaving most basing by practicing a basest trick of gambling! It is reported thro, the press that some of high officials of honour and rank are in the shameful crime. They belong, we are sorry to say to the Department of the Imperial Household. The Peers' Club is guarded by policemen. Inside of the beautiful edifice there are meanest men who practice the criminal act.

Is there any reason that is strong enough to oppose abolishment of the House of Peers? We like to hear it if there *is*.

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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E D I T O R I A L

"Marshall Field and Company announce
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BARGAINS in silks, laces
and women's finery."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

IN every great magazine; in every great metropolitan daily; in every village newspaper; in every cross-roads weekly, throughout that part of the world popularly known as "Christendom"—meaning the territory devoted to Christ,—may be found during December days the counterpart of this advertisement of Marshall Field.

It is interesting to observe how our simplest, most common and unconscious words and actions expose our hypocrisy of life.

To have our life-fabric so interwoven with pretense and fraud that our obliquity is thus unconsciously exhibited, is to be vile indeed.

It is to appear morally as vain Chicago women often appear physically: wonderful creatures in their finery, heads erect, peacock pride blazing from their eyes; *their faces streaked with soot!*

When commonly in any trade we are so "fortunate" as to get a bargain, we *bar the gain* of the other party to the transaction; that is, we beat him.

When we get a *Christmas* bargain we do the other fellow up partly for our gain and partly to celebrate the birth of Jesus.

In every *bargain* one party to the trade must lose,—that the profit of the other may be gained.

When we buy a silk waist at a bargain it may be some consumptive girl of the sweat-shop or factory that goes hungry or naked to the extent of our gain.

When we get a bargain in rare lace it may be some worn woman with dimmed eyes and patient fingers that is underpaid.

Under present conditions either profit to the merchant or bargain to the purchaser means deprivation of the worker.

Whenever we buy a thing of any kind without paying the full value of it, somewhere down the line of production will be found human labor unrequited: the transaction bears upon its face the stain of human blood.

The coupling of the word *bargain* with the birthday of Christ exhibits Christain society exactly as it is, a hideous infidelity: a profanation of human life.

Christianity is so defiled that its unconscious language, finding expression in common advertisements, publishes its glaring infamy.

To make the birth-month of the gentle Jesus a time of huckstering; to allow for a single instant the association of his name with the idea of human exploitation, is to debauch his image and to drag his ideals in the mire.

Is it not singular that the Socialist, whom the average Christain in his futile ignorance reckons an enemy of law and order, should feel called upon to defend Jesus against defamation at the hands of those who profess his philosophy?

Merry Christmas! This is Christ's birthday. Peace on Earth: good will to men.

Have you succeeded in getting any bargains;—in robbing or beating any body?

PRAISE THE LORD!

The Barometer of Ignorance

As a result of developments before the State Board of Equalization at Springfield, stocks of several of the big corporations of Chicago fell from two to four points on the stock exchange today. Shares of the People's Gas Light and Coke Company fell from 101½ to 98½, City Railway shares declined from 190 to 186, and West Chicago Railway stock registered 93, as against 95 yesterday. Other stocks felt the effect of the depression.—Chicago Daily News.

When, owing to the agitation carried on for two or three years by the Illinois Teachers' Federation, it was reported that the Board of Equalization had finally raised the assessment of the Chicago Gas Monopoly to \$645,000, the stock of the Gas Monopoly, listed at the Stock Exchange, went down three dollars a share.

The Board of Equalization had previously guessed that an assessment of \$7,000 was about right.

The Supreme Court of Illinois paused in its work of issuing injunctions against the poor and asked the Board of Equalization to guess again.

It seems the Board had two guesses.

The second guess made the Gas Monopoly's assessment \$645,000.

It was this second guess that kept the Board of Equalization out of jail.

If each guess brings up an additional \$638,000, it might pay the people to keep the board guessing. Six hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars would build several schoolhouses.

Up to this time the Board of Equalization has been principally engaged in preventing equalization. Mr. Johnson of Cleveland says they have the same kind of animal in Ohio. Private capital in public service corporations seems to be the mother of it.

The people pay the Board to equalize the taxes and the monopolies pay the Board not to equalize them.

The monopolies seem to have been paying the most.

When we compare the two guesses of

the Board in the matter of the Gas Monopoly, it is evident that the monopolies can afford to pay the most.

It might pay the people to hire a public briber and put the Board up at auction. The public briber could then bid against the private briber. Everything would be open and above board and the people might know how expensive a luxury the Board is. The people pay for it anyhow.

The Board is called the Board of Equalization because it does not equalize; just as the Chicago Gas Monopoly is called the People's Gas Light and Coke Company, because the people do not own it. You have only to properly name a thing to fool the people for a long time.

The people are easy.

For example: In order to keep warm with American coal; to build an art gallery with American steel; to light American streets with American copper, or even to live upon American soil, the American people elect to pay someone who never created an atom of the coal, or the iron, or the copper, or the land, for the privilege. The capitalist furnishes the earth, and in consideration of this philanthropy the people dutifully pay him for the use of it.

The people call America "our" country.

The capitalist likes to have the people call America "our" country. It entertains him to see them puff out their stomachs with pride so long as they pay him for the other things that go into their stomachs.

Mr. Vanderbilt said, "the people be damned," but Mr. Vanderbilt was a gloomy man.

The ordinary capitalist has as much contempt for the people as Mr. Vanderbilt, only he does not express it as Mr. Vanderbilt did; he has a sense of humor.

It is easy for a man of a big brain to see how ignorant the people are, and to reach out and play the game of monopoly.

He gets hold of some part of the material resources upon which all of the people depend, and then lies back and lets the people buy of him what God has created for all. In the darkness of their ignorance the people do not see the game. So he has a contempt for them.

But sometimes a man with a big brain is born with a big heart, too. He cannot do what the other man does. His heart will not let him. He has no contempt for the ignorant people. He has a great love for them and he feels sorry for them. So he uses his great brain not to enslave, but to lift them up, to educate them and free them. When a man with a big brain is born with a heart big enough to match it we have a Jesus, or a Sidhartha, or a Carl Marx, or a Henry George.

The more men of the other kind that rot into dust, the brighter the men of this kind shine. They are the beacons of history.

The people have no real enemy except their own ignorance. Physical slavery has always been based upon mental slavery. The people are many—the exploiters are only a few. Ideas, alone, enslave.

To-day the Stock Exchange is the barometer of the ignorance of the people. The two great influences at work in society are registered there. One of these influences is the impulse to enslave men. The other is the impulse to make men free.

The relative supremacy of these two forces may always be read upon the blackboard of the Stock Exchange.

Whenever the intelligence of the people finds expression in a public act which makes for the restriction of public plundering, stocks go down.

Whenever capitalism betrays the people into voting against their real interests, or succeeds in bribing a legislature for monopoly's sake, stocks go up.

Hence, last year, Mr. McKinley's election was followed by a rise of Chicago Gas and other stocks, and this year the victory of the Teachers' Federation is

followed by a decline of the same "securities."

This wavering of public intelligence is what gives to franchise stocks their instability—moves their prices up and down, and thus by inducing fluctuations makes the Stock Exchange a place for public gambling.

Good-intentioned preachers and well-meaning men and women frequently cry out against the Stock Exchange, generally when its baleful influences are illustrated by some prominent and respectable gambler blowing out his brains.

It is easy to cry out against unpleasant effects, but it is not always intelligent.

When typhoid germs are found in the water we do not allow our children to go on dying with fever, praying the Lord to abolish thirst. We seek the source of the infection; we find what is poisoning the water, and we remove the cause.

It is the poison of private ownership of public property which turns the Stock Exchange from an inoffensive office for the transfer of shares into a gambling house.

In the common gambling house nothing is hazarded save the property of those who desire to risk it—only the gambler is harmed.

In stock exchanges and boards of trade men gamble in property that is not their own—in the people's bread and other common interests.

A few years ago Mr. Joseph Leiter had fifteen million bushels of grain in Chicago cars and elevators.

The same week a man and a woman were found dead in a house on the West Side with two little children playing in the cold beside them—waiting for papa and mamma to "wate up." This man and woman were not able to feed four, so they fed two—the children. They died doing it.

Mr. Leiter got his gambling fund from ground rents in Chicago—from charging other people for the use of the earth. The people paid him for

the use of the earth and he used the money to monopolize their bread.

Mr. Leiter is not an unkindly young man. He would help a starving person in a minute. He and the late Mr. Armour were only playing a game, and he saw no connection between his wheat deal on the Board of Trade and the desolate household on the West Side. Mr. Leiter thinks when his front door is shut that all the world is warm.

The people themselves can quicken the intelligence and raise the moral character of Mr. Leiter and other respect-

able gamblers by abolishing the opportunity to gamble; by quietly and impassionately claiming what is rightfully their own.

When the intelligence of the people rises to the point at which they assume common ownership of what is naturally common property, there will be nothing left to gamble in. The gambling factor—the ignorance and indifference of the people to what is the people's own—will have been eliminated.

Private monopoly fears only one enemy: PUBLIC INTELLIGENCE.



Around the Stock Exchange

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I SEE a hell of faces surge and whirl
 Like a maelstrom in the ocean—faces lean
 And fleshless as the talons of a hawk—
 Hot faces like the faces of the wolves
 That track the traveller fleeing through the night—
 Grim faces shrunken up and fallen in,
 Deep-ploughed like weather-eaten bark of oak—
 Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,
 Grown suddenly old upon the brink of earth.

Is this a whirl of madmen ravening
 And blowing bubbles in their merriment?
 Is Babel come again with shrieking crew
 To eat the dust and drink the roaring wind?
 And all for what? A handful of bright sand
 To buy a shroud with and a length of earth?

The Ideals of Buddhism *and* The Ideals of Socialism

BY CHARLES H. KERR



In this transition era, when the economic foundations of our present society are crumbling, to be replaced by new foundations for a better social order, it is natural and necessary that religious beliefs should be crumbling also. We find this to be the case, and we find that many people who are religiously disposed are studying the Oriental religions in order to discover some more secure basis for their faith.

In this study the beautiful literature of Buddhism has been brought to the front. For English readers it has been popularized by Sir Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia."

No intelligent reader of that poem can fail to observe a common element in the teachings of Buddha and those of Jesus, and the more completely the miracle stories are threshed out from the sacred books of India and of Palestine, the more plainly the common element may be seen.

This element, again, is something that appeals strongly to many of those who enter the socialist movement because of their sympathy for the victims of capitalism.

It is thus worth while for us to study the Buddhist philosophy in the light of the Socialist philosophy, that our ideas about it may be clear and consistent.

First let us consider one of the basic principles of Socialism, the one which is absolutely essential to an understanding of the Socialist philosophy.

This principle is economic determin-

ism; it is stated by Frederick Engels in these words: "In every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up and from which alone can be explained the political and intellectual history of that epoch."

This may seem like a hard sentence, but we can put its central thought into words of one syllable by adding three words to a catch phrase of a successful advertiser. The Socialist says to the people of any country at any specific time: "Tell me how you get what you eat and I will tell you what you are." The way in which people supply their wants has a tremendous influence on their way of thinking and on the governments and religions they make for themselves.

Keeping this principle clearly in mind, let us see if we can discover the common conditions which surrounded the working classes of India in the time of the Buddha and of Palestine in the time of the Christ. It would be easy to point out differences, but I think we shall be safe in stating these points of agreement: Both peoples were in sub-tropical climates, where laborers, if left to themselves, could easily sustain their lives from the gifts of prodigal nature. But they were not left to themselves. They were crushed down under the land-holding and priestly classes, and supreme over all was an irresponsible

military tyrant who levied taxes that were limited only by the ability of the workers to pay them.

The condition of the workers was absolutely hopeless. They were isolated, working either at agriculture or at domestic manufacturing, shut in to the narrowest of horizons, with no way of combining for their common defense if the idea had occurred to them. On the other hand, the monarch, allied with the privileged classes, always had at his disposal a powerful army, which lived by the plunder of his enemies; or of his subjects, as circumstances determined.

Sometimes it happened that the monarch was dethroned by a foreign prince or rebel, but this made no difference to the laborers, who in any case were kept near the starvation point. Once in a while there was a local crop failure. Then, as means of transportation were undeveloped, many of the local laborers, with their wives and children, starved.

Keeping in mind these conditions under which the Oriental religions took form, you will be ready to understand the sort of ideals they embody.

Now, in order to be sure not to misrepresent Buddhism, I will quote from an official document. I will not take "The Light of Asia," for it might be said that Edwin Arnold had worked in some of his own ideas and did not represent Buddhism fairly. I will take the Buddhist Catechism, by H. S. Olcott, president of the British Theosophical Society. This has been indorsed as an official text-book by the priests of the Buddhist Church of Ceylon. It was at once translated into the native language and introduced into the schools, so that the people best qualified to judge indorsed it as being a true statement of the Buddhist facts. After detailing the story of Buddha's life, much as "The Light of Asia" gives it, up to the point where "the light of supreme knowledge poured in upon him," the catechism proceeds:

57. Q. What is the light that can dispel this ignorance of ours and remove all sorrows?

A. The knowledge of the "Four Noble Truths" as Buddha called them.

58. Q. Name these Four Noble Truths.

A. 1, The miseries of existence; 2, the cause productive of misery, which is the desire, ever renewed, of satisfying one's self without being able ever to secure that end; 3, the destruction of that desire, or the estranging of one's self from it; 4, the means of obtaining this destruction of desire.

59. Q. Tell me some things that cause sorrow.

A. Birth, growth, decay, illness, death; separation from objects we love, hating what cannot be avoided, craving for what cannot be obtained.

60. Q. These are individual peculiarities?

A. Yes, and they differ with each individual; but all men have them in degree, and suffer from them.

61. Q. How can we escape the sufferings which result from unsatisfied desires and ignorant cravings?

A. By complete conquest over, and destruction of this eager thirst for life and its pleasures, which cause sorrow.

100. Q. If you were to try to represent the whole spirit of Buddha's Doctrines by one word, which word would you choose?

A. Justice.

101. Q. Why?

A. Because it teaches that every man gets, under the operations of universal law, exactly that reward or punishment which he has deserved; no more, and no less. No good deed or bad deed, however trifling, and however secretly committed, escapes the evenly balanced scales of Karma.

Now, what do we socialists say of these doctrines. We say that most of them are only worthy of slaves, of slaves too degraded to dream of freedom. We say that the principal causes of sorrow which the Buddhist wails over are removable causes, and that it is our business to remove them. We do not believe that any man or woman is better for renouncing the ordinary physical pleasures of life. We believe that under collectivism these pleasures will be so universal and so easily attained that they will cease to occupy any large part of the horizon of each human being, and so will leave most of our energy free for higher uses. We believe that if the working class grasps political power and establishes equality, it will be wholly unnecessary for anyone thereafter to cultivate the quality of self-renunciation,

since under equality the interests of each will be indistinguishably bound up in the interests of all.

It is easy to see how the legends of the Buddha may have been substantially true. Imagine a sympathetic man looking at the hopeless sufferings of the oppressed people. Assume, as we safely may assume, that he saw no possible way to improve their physical conditions or make their lives secure from war, famine and pestilence. We may then easily believe that he thought by giving them a religion which should teach them to renounce earthly happiness he would be doing them the greatest service possible.

Perhaps with the data before him the Buddha was right. A physician who is prescribing for a disease he cannot cure is justified in giving opiates to relieve the pain. But what would you think of a physician who should continue a course of opiates when he had a remedy at hand that would restore the patient to health? Such a physician would be on the same moral level as many of the public teachers who are preaching the doctrines of self-renunciation and the suppression of natural desires to the working people to-day.

For, observe, there was once a real reason for such doctrines, but that reason no longer exists. Before machinery was invented slavery of some kind was a necessity if progress was to be made in art, literature, music and science. If a few were to have leisure for activity in these lines it was necessary that many should be made slaves.

But machinery has, for the first time in the history of civilization, made freedom a possibility for all men. It only remains for the working class of the world, those who do the useful work of hand or brain, to realize this and to claim their freedom.

This they will never do if they are swayed by the ideals of Buddhism. The Socialist and the Buddhist have one thing in common. Both see the sufferings of humanity and both wish to re-

lieve them. But here the likeness ends.

The Buddhist comes to the world with a fairy tale of past and future births and deaths, with a complete system of rewards and punishments in each life for merits and demerits of the lives that went before. It rests on the same foundation as the Christian stories of heaven and hell, of Adam's fall, a vicarious atonement and everlasting salvation or damnation.

That is to say, the Buddhist fairy tale rests on no foundation at all. No one can disprove it, for the simple reason that the assertions lie wholly outside the range of human experience. There are plenty of weak-minded people who will claim to have direct personal knowledge of such things, and with these persons it is not worth while to argue.

Accept the Buddhist theory and you paralyze every effort toward freedom. If we regard it as the duty of all human beings to suppress their natural desires for good clothing, comfortable shelter, beautiful surroundings and the right to live their own lives without needless dictation on the part of anyone—then we cannot put any strength into the struggle to win these things for ourselves and our fellows.

Do not imagine that the Socialists who share my views (and I think I am voicing the opinion of every scientific Socialist from Marx and Engels to those who framed our platform last August)—do not think we are intolerant. We welcome into the Socialist party the votaries of Buddhism, of Catholicism, of Presbyterianism, of Spiritualism and of Christian Science. Come in and bring your ideas with you; here is a free platform from which you can explain them. All that we Marxian Socialists ask is freedom to criticise your views and to show you how it seems to us they must be modified to enable you to do the best service for the cause.

Before the division of people into masters and slaves, at the dawn of written history, we find that religion was not a personal, but a social matter. The

chief duties to the gods consisted in administering public affairs rightly for the benefit of the community.

When the State came to be operated for the benefit of a small ruling class, the state religions, like the worship of the Olympian deities, for example, lost their hold on the masses of the people and were replaced by personal religions, the object of which was to cultivate certain personal traits in the individual.

When the working class has come into power and has used its power to abolish classes, when the State has been transformed from an instrument for tyranny into an instrument for production in the interest of all, then we may expect to see a revival of the old-time collective religion. But it will no longer be limited to one city or one nation; it will be the expression of the new-found sense of the brotherhood of all men.

And in the years of struggle that separate us from the coming era of freedom, let us as Socialists exercise the utmost tolerance toward all who have come into our ranks from different churches, or from no church. Let us quarrel with

no one for taking his own way to express the inexpressible or define the undefinable. It is no affair of ours what our comrades think or say about the unknowable. All that is essential in the Socialist philosophy is something on which we can all agree.

We see that the power that controls the universe, call it evolution, or call it God, say it is a person, or say it is a law, no matter—we see that this power has so ordered it that the institutions and the thoughts of men are molded by the conditions under which they get their bread; we see that for ages there has been one ruling class after another, with the mass of people still slaves; we see that the mighty inventions of the last two centuries have forever done away with the need of slavery; we feel ourselves a part of the great working class which is even now awaking to a sense of its own strength and preparing once for all to break the last fetters that enslave humanity. And seeing all this, we look up to the one power that we revere by different names, and in the words of the Christian unite in saying, "Thy kingdom come!"



Proletaire Gratitude

(CITIZEN AND COUNTRY)

We should be thankful that the sun and moon
 Are both hung up so high
 That no rich robber hand can stretch
 And pull them from the sky.
 If they hung low, I have no doubt,
 Some selfish man—alas!
 Would legislate to take them down
 And light the world with gas,



The Fruits of Victory.

BY WILLIAM MAILY

When George Brandon finally succeeded in tearing himself away from the frenzied crowd that invaded the Tenderloin district on election night he was exhausted, but still exhilarated by the joy of victory. He had spent four delirious hours celebrating the downfall of Tammany and the triumph of Reform. His throat was hoarse with cheering and singing; his chest and lips were sore from the unusual exercise of madly blowing a tin horn. He had danced frantically with utter strangers, and locked arms indiscriminately with well-dressed men and women whom he had never seen before and would probably never see again. Many other foolish things had he done, and whatever qualms of conscience he now felt at the whole performance, he soothed with the excuse that the occasion warranted it.

He felt there was good cause for rejoicing. The forces fighting for good government had won a signal victory that day, a victory which would be heralded throughout every land. Brazen indecency and flagrant corruption were beaten to earth at last by the aroused citizens, whose previous acquiescence with outrageous conditions had assisted the wrongdoers. Now one could hope to live in the western metropolis without witnessing scenes baleful to the eye and revolting to the soul. Now one could call himself a citizen of New York without fear of meeting the knowing sneer of strangers and the highly moral people of the suburbs. Thank God, the voters were not all debased and corrupted yet!

George Brandon had come to New York several years before from a little

town up the state. Raised a Methodist, among Methodists, he harbored ideas characteristic of the sect. Without being too prudish, he was of clean and healthy temperament. Willing to make allowances for those tendencies which he believed inherent in human nature, he detested the shameless immorality everywhere visible in New York. From the vantage ground of a clerkship in a factory on the East Side he had had opportunity to see corruption flourish like rank vegetation under the protecting wings of the city authorities. Intent upon watching what transpired beyond the office windows, he overlooked conditions in the factory itself.

When the reformers called for volunteers to undertake the task of wiping out Tammany George was one of the first to respond. He remained with the Citizens' Union throughout its numerous battles right up to this election day, when the end sought for was gained. He was justified in feeling a deep personal gratification at the climax to so much anxiety and work. He would sleep sounder that night than for many months past.

At the elevated railroad steps he met Charles Howard. They went up together. Howard was a Socialist, and there had been much argument between the two during the campaign.

"Now, Howard, old boy," said Brandon, exultantly nudging his friend, "will you go away back and sit down?"

"Oh, I guess not," replied Howard. "There's another election next year."

"And you'll be in it as much then as you were to-day."

Howard shrugged his shoulders.

"We'll be in it some day, sure enough, and you'll be with us."

"Not on your life! But how did you come out, anyway? Never heard a word about you fellows. Suppose you got lost in the shuffle, as usual."

In the car the occupants were exhibited in various moods and postures. The despondent looks of some were the butt of jests from others, hilarious over the election results. One half-drunken workingman was trying to steady himself by clutching a strap with one hand, while the other, holding a tin horn, vainly sought his mouth. At any other time the spectacle would have repelled Brandon. Now he smiled indulgently.

"After all, it is their victory, and we can't blame them for jubilating a little," he said to Howard, who thought differently, and said so.

"Hold on, now; no arguing to-night," interrupted Brandon. "Tell me how you came out to-day. You heard something, of course."

Yes, Howard had heard something, enough to show that his party could claim a slight increase, not at all commensurate with the amount of work done. He acknowledged his disappointment.

"Your reform wave was responsible for it, I suppose. People got carried away with your clatter about vice. Phrases are still potent to paralyze the mind, it seems."

"Paralyze, humbug. You know we told the truth. The people saw it for themselves. They're not idiots—not all the time, at least, as the voting to-day shows."

"Fine talk. You told some truth about conditions, but not all of it. But what's the use? How many times have I asked you what you intended to do to prevent the existence of such conditions? While you are trying to kill vice you are cultivating vice germs. Why don't you try to give men and women a chance to live decently before you hound them down for being indecent?"

The question provoked a discussion from which Brandon gladly escaped when his station was reached. He said good night to Howard with some relief.

"Queer fellows, those Socialists," he ruminated, as he walked home. "Never seem to get discouraged, though Howard was a little blue to-night, poor fellow. He ought 'o be. He worked hard. Funny how they hang onto that fool doctrine of theirs; must be something like religion in it, but I could never see through it. Seems to me the first thing to do is to secure ourselves against contamination from those who insist on making beasts of themselves. Nobody is safe the way things have been going. We needed a cleaning up, and now we've got the fellows that will do it." And he nodded pleasantly to the policeman who passed him.

"We'll fix you, old man, if you haven't been doing the square thing," he chuckled to himself.

From which it can be judged that Mr. Brandon felt quite well satisfied with himself and his outlook upon the world in general.

Swinging smartly around the corner of his street, he collided violently with a woman coming from the opposite direction.

"Hey, look out there!" she exclaimed. "Can't yer mind where ye're goin'?"

"Beg pardon," said Brandon, doffing his hat.

"Beg pardon, nothin'," sneered the woman. She blocked his passage and he could go no further. She looked boldly into his face. "Who're ye, anyway? Think ye own the bloomin' street, the way ye tramp over people?"

Brandon tried to pass, but the woman interposed.

"Now my good woman—" he began.

"Good woman, hell! I ain't no good woman. Say, ye must be a greeny, all right. Cut it. Ye make me blush!"

She laughed boisterously and grasped Brandon's arms to steady herself. He began to feel uncomfortable and thought of the policeman he had just met.

Plainly the face that confronted him was not that of a good woman; plainly, also, she had been drinking. The situation was a most unpleasant one for Brandon. He had never associated with women of this class; he had a strong abhorrence for them, and the voice and touch of this one affected him acutely. Drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead. Would he try and call the policeman? Would that do any good? Suppose this encounter got into the papers?

The woman's voice broke in harshly upon his bewilderment. "Oh, you needn't stand there like a dummy." She shook him roughly. Then she said, wheedlingly: "Can't yer set 'em up, sonny?"

Brandon straightened up. His lost dignity returned.

"I do not care to converse with you, madam. Please allow me to pass, or I shall be compelled to call an officer."

"Listen to that, now! Don't want to speak to me, eh? Call a cop, will ye? All right, call him! I might as well be locked up now and be done with it. . . . It's going to come to that, anyway, now the blasted reformers is in. . . . By God, ye talk just like one of them freaks! Let's have a look at ye."

Before Brandon could prevent it she had whirled him around so that his face fronted the gas light. The Seth Low button he had never removed since the campaign opened showed plainly on his coat lapel.

"I thought so! I thought so!" The woman screamed and clapped her hands so loudly that a man passing upon the avenue beyond stopped and looked over. The thought of being recognized made him shiver. The woman grasped his coat collar with both hands and thrust her face close up to his. The smell of the whisky-laden breath nauseated him. He tried to break away, but she clung to him.

"So, ye're a Seth Low man, eh? Ye're one of the blokes that'd slap us in jail

'cos we're tryin' to get a livin'. Ye're daisies, ye are. Got nothin' else to do but hunt down pore wimmen. Ain't ye ashamed of yerselves? If ye ain't, ye ought to be. Say, tell me one thing, young feller—ye look square—on the dead, now, what d'ye want us to do?"

Brandon could not answer. He was stupified with disgust, confused with fear lest some acquaintance should happen along and discover him.

"Say, wake up," and the woman's voice rose almost to a scream. "Tell me! What's going to become of us when yer damned reform business gits to runnin'?"

Gradually Brandon regained his normal condition. Gazing into the vice-scarred face before him, he saw that intense earnestness had supplanted the drunken leer of a moment ago. Slowly resentment melted away. Something that resembled the spirit of forbearance toward sinners which the Master sought to inculcate into His followers took its place.

The reply he gave was the first that entered his mind, and the most natural to him.

"Go to work, of course."

"Go to work!" Derision and disgust were mingled in the echo of his words. "Go to work!" She relinquished her hold of him with a strident laugh. Folding her arms, she nodded her head disdainfully at him.

"Ye're jest like the rest of 'em. Ye think it's easy for us to git work, and ye think it's easy for us to work when we git it. Faugh! Ye makes me tired."

She turned as if to go, but as the relieved Brandon also moved away she stepped back quickly, grabbed him by the arm and jerked him around again.

"Say, mister, look at me," she cried. "Who d'ye think would give the likes of me work? Nobody, and ye knows it. I sees it in yer face. . . . I suppose ye'd never believe I worked, but I did . . . once. Not so long ago, neither. . . . You fellers knows nothin' about us or perhaps ye wuddn't gas so much. . . .

Used to work in a factory, I did, makin' shirts . . . sweatshops, they call 'em. . . . Used to get four plunks every Saturday. They bounced me 'cos I asked fer more. I was a reglar agitater, I wus." She laughed discordantly and long, until she started coughing. When she caught her breath she said again: "Say, won't ye set 'em up? I'm awful dry."

A man passed them, stopped some distance away, watched the couple curiously a few minutes and then resumed his journey. Brandon's feelings were reflected in his face. He made another effort to get away, but she still hung on.

"Ye won't, eh? Well, now, I'll not let ye go till ye hear me out. . . . After that I got into a store. Gee, that wus worsen the other place. I got only three dollars there, but I wus glad to get it. Then father fell off a house, like an old fool, and died in Bellevue. Mother, she went out washin', but made nothin', 'cos there wus lots others doin' that. . . Things got purty tough. . . . She illustrated her story with expressive gestures. "I soon got fired from the store. The boss said I wus makin' too free with the salesmen . . . not that he minded it. Lord, no. I wus too open about it, that's all."

Brandon no longer attempted to go. The woman's story moved him; as she talked a misgiving kindled in his breast. He remembered there were many girls at work in his factory, and their wages were low, too.

It was with real interest that he asked: "What did you do then?"

"Do? He asks me what did I do! Good God, what could I do? What would you do" There was desperation in the shrill voice. "I went straight to hell. That's what I did. . . . That's why I'm here in the street talkin' to a greeny like you."

"And your mother? What became of her?"

"Don't know and don't care. . . . Yes, I do." Her voice broke for the first time. "But. . . . she doesn't."

"Why don't you go to some institution?"

"'Cos I don't want to be haggled to death by a lot of old wimmen and fed on hymns and tracts and other rot. That's why. . . . Guess I'll have to bunk in some institution purty soon, though, now you blasted reformers is in. . . . It'll be either that or the river. . . . Lots of us goes there and nothin' said."

At that moment the policeman appeared at the street corner, returning on his beat.

"There's the cop now. Ef he sees me chewin' with ye I'm a goner. Tammany's licked, ye know. Bye-bye, sonny. Sorry ye won to-day. Old Tammany was rotten, sure enough, but we pore divils got a chance to live. That's more'n you reformers 'll give us," snapping her fingers in his face. "We could put up the stuff before and get along somehow. You fellows don't need any dough. Ye've got plenty, anyway. All yous' want is purity, etcetera. . . . So reng."

But Brandon, conscious-smitten, put his hand in his pocket, followed her and attempted to thrust a bill into her hand.

The woman stopped and took the money with a surprised air. Levity vanished and sobriety seemed to assert itself. Suddenly her eye caught the gleam of the button on Brandon's coat. Her face changed. With a horrible grimace she spat upon the bill and threw it contemptuously at Brandon's feet.

"Go to hell, you and yer money!" she cried, and, with a whisk of her skirts, disappeared around the corner.



Field Notes

Although there was nothing in the November elections of especial encouragement to Socialists who are yearning for immediate political expression, still there was no ground lost. The Socialist vote was increased in many places, and both Carey and MacCartney were returned once more to the Massachusetts legislature. The comrades in New York City had a "reform" wave to contend against, and lost the votes of the unfledged Socialists who still hope that the old political organizations may do something praiseworthy. Charles H. Vail made a good running in New Jersey, in spite of the stones and bricks hurled at his speakers by the good citizens of that State.

In San Francisco a "workingmen's" candidate was elected mayor. Little is hoped for from him, however, owing to his ignorance of fundamentals. Progress in propaganda has unquestionably been made during the campaign.

*

William Mailly, after working night and day in the New York City campaign, served the cause after the campaign closed by auditing the accounts and generally getting in shape the affairs of the local campaign committees. That work finished, he went to Haverhill, Massachusetts, at the call of the local comrades, to help in the mayoralty campaign, which is on at this writing, but which will be decided before the December Spirit reaches its readers. The election is December 3. From Haverhill Mailly will go to Scranton, Pa., to do what he can for Socialism among the delegates to the American Federation of Labor conference, which assembles the

second week in December at that point. After this conference he will turn his attention to perfecting the political organization of New York State, unless called to work of more immediate importance.

*

Leonard Abbott went to Jersey City the other evening on invitation to address a social club of that suburb. His experience is best told in his own report to the editor:

I was invited over there to speak before the Cosmos Club, which is composed of wealthy people, who meet around at each other's houses for papers and discussion. I was asked to speak on Socialism, and talked in the drawing-room of a well-to-do lawyer to an audience of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress. It was a great contrast, as you may imagine, to the proletarian halls that usually greet a Socialist speaker. They gave me an attentive hearing, and at the close of my address the fun began. First of all, the chairman, a sugar-trust magnate, with the unbending, flinty face of the typical capitalist, opened fire. He was followed by the whole array of gentlemen present, each of whom arose in turn and attempted to sit on me harder than his predecessor! I felt like Daniel in the Lion's den! Most of the men were gray-haired, and all were able to express themselves in a forcible, not to say scathing, fashion. The point of view taken by most of them was that it would be utterly impossible for a community to conduct its industry on the Collectivist basis. All, too, were highly indignant at the thought, upon which I laid emphasis, that society rests upon the backs of the workers. It was the "men of brains" (such as their worthy selves), they all contended, who had made the world what it was. Anything that would tend to decrease the social amenities, the palatial residences, and the comfortable luxuries of such as they, would be a horrible catastrophe to the world. "Socialism, after all, is only the product of envy," said the Capitalist. "The first requisite," chimed in the Clergyman, "is that men should be

good." And so on. In my answer to my critics, I think I gave them as good as they gave me, but I left them, I fear, quite unregenerate! I could not help ruminating over Marx's thought of the economic interests that shape the destinies of men. These people were incapable of any real democratic or altruistic impulse, because they were too comfortable.

*

William Thurston Brown reports continued progress at Rochester. Plymouth Church is as little like the orthodox organization as daylight is like dark. Audiences of 1,000 or 1,200 assemble there on Sunday nights to hear either Comrade Brown or the speakers he provides for them.

Lights flash from the church windows every night, in marked contrast to the cold, dead darkness of the other churches. There are labor meetings, economic clubs, classes in Socialism for men, women and children. The church is decidedly for use, and the Rochester working people have claimed it for their own. It is difficult to realize what such a center of sympathetic interest means to the common life of Rochester. It is bringing the cathedral back to its historic uses—a home for the common people and their common affairs. Decidedly, Rochester will bear watching.

*

As was intimated in our last issue, John Spargo was delegated by the Fellowship to serve the movement in Canada. He opened up at Montreal and has been speaking once or twice daily up to the present writing. G. Weston Wrigley of "Citizen and Country," is traveling with him. They are covering mostly new ground and organizing local branches. At Montreal the league was reorganized and will now hold regular meetings and engage in propaganda work. So good a meeting was held at Ottawa that Spargo is to return there after January 1. A league is under way there. At Smith's Falls the mayor of the town, a manufacturer, presided. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. A league promises well there also. Two

good meetings were held at Brockville, and a league with fourteen members was formed. At Gananoque a fine meeting was held in the Opera House, which resulted in a league of twelve members.

Kingston, Napanee, Peterboro, Lindsay and Orillia followed, and on Thanksgiving day the convention was held at Toronto, in Victoria Hall. The reports are received too late for insertion in this issue.

The service rendered by Spargo to the movement in Canada is incalculable. His familiarity with organization and the conduct of propaganda generally make him the one man of whose service the Canadian comrades stand to-day most in need. The papers throughout the Dominion are commenting upon his scholarly speeches and dignified bearing and the convincing character of his arguments. John Spargo likes the Canadian comrades immensely, and it is evident that the Canadian comrades like John Spargo.

*

The Kansas State Socialist convention, which met at Parsons, Kas., on November 26, was in every way successful. There were present 57 delegates, representing 13 locals, and unaccredited representatives from four others, who were given the privileges of the floor without a vote.

A public meeting was held in Library Hall, besides several street meetings, the result of which was the addition of 25 new members to the Parsons local.

The constitution adopted follows closely the model of the other States and of the National Party. The only resolutions adopted were an indorsement of the resolutions and platform adopted by the Indianapolis convention.

The State headquarters will be at Abilene. J. D. Haskell of that place was elected secretary-treasurer; Wilbur C. Benton, State organizer, and Walter Thomas Mills was nominated for member of the National Committee.

Mr. Benton will devote his whole time to the party work.

The ubiquitous Mr. Madden of the postoffice department, in his zeal to make his department self-sustaining, is getting considerable information regarding Socialist publications and the resourcefulness of their editors. After publicly showing up the modest dimensions of Mr. Madden's diplomatic skill, Mr. Wilshire of "The Challenge" has moved his publication to Canada, having it entered at the Toronto postoffice as second-class matter. Thus the Canadian postoffice will get the money for transporting Wilshire's monthly and the United States mail service will do the distributing, as the majority of Wilshire's subscribers are in the United States. It is not likely that the Canadian authorities will unite with Mr. Madden in his campaign against public intelligence, and it is not likely that Mr. Madden will seek to annul the international postal agreement. So now Mr. Madden's department (we say "Mr. Madden's department" advisedly, the American people are too dull to care whose it is) will carry the Wilshire paper to the Wilshire constituency without getting as much for the work as it did before the row was precipitated. A bad way to economize, Mr. Madden!

*

On the other hand, the "Appeal to Reason," Mr. Wayland's paper, although it will also be moved to a free country if it is finally forced to, does not choose to move its expensive plant in a panic.

The "Appeal to Reason" is no insignificant institution as a business proposition—requiring an outlay for labor, postage, paper and other incidentals of over \$1,000 per week. During the past year over \$5,000 has been invested in linotypes, \$2,000 in a new cylinder book press, while an electric lighting plant for the office, steam heating apparatus, new typewriters and an endless amount of other items has taken another \$5,000 to equip the office to meet the increasing demands of the business.

On November 4 the Appeal was noti-

fied by the postal department to show evidence on or before November 29 why its second-class entry should not be cancelled—on the ground that the Appeal has not a legitimate list of subscribers, and that the "circulation of the paper is largely gratuitous."

Before the 29th Mr. Wayland and his active force had placed in the hands of the local postmaster for transmission to the department the signed statements of 64,193 American citizens that they are subscribers for the Appeal and that they have paid their money for it. This evidence would seem to prevent the banishment of the paper on the original charge. There remains, however, the charge brought against the Challenge, that it is merely a publication for the dissemination of ideas.

We do not see how the Appeal could escape conviction on that charge. Perhaps, however, the resourceful Wilshire has taught Mr. Madden something, and after this he means to be good.

*

Official stupidity being up for consideration, the chief of police of Rockford, Illinois, holds up his hand for recognition. Clarence Darrow of Chicago was booked to speak in the Rockford Opera House a week or two ago on "Freedom of Speech and Press." The chief of the Rockford police telephoned to the chief of the Chicago police to inquire if Mr. Darrow should be allowed to speak. Why should we need to take thought for to-morrow when our lives and property are under such intelligent care?

*

However, the Rockford ignoramus who wears brass buttons only reflects his Rockford counterparts who wear good clothes—that is, Rockford "society."

It is a pink tea society, very good, negatively good, good for nothing. Its flower is the "Woman's Federation," which is a veritable orchid. Margaret Haley and Catherine Goggin were suggested to the "Federation" as women who had done something. But the "Fed-

eration" was afraid of any woman who had done something. It violated the "Federation's" principles. Then, too, some of the Federation's husbands own stock in the corporations the school teachers are trying to induce to support the public schools by paying their honest taxes. Then, too, one of the Board of Equalization lives in Rockford. The "Federation" did not wish to hurt his feelings by seeming to recognize the fact that he had been helping to do the people up.

So the "Federation" decided well, perhaps, really, it hadn't better do it.

The girls went out there then anyhow. The Central Labor Union got up the meeting in the Opera House, and it was a record-breaker. The townspeople went crazy over the thing. Commendation of the girls was so positive and unanimous that the after reflections of the "Federation" were to the effect that,

well, perhaps, really, it might have been safe to have done it. One of the Rockford papers naively suggests that the "Federation" address itself to reducing the dimensions of offensive sign-boards as an intellectual occupation.

But, really, Rockford society is pretty much like the society of other towns of the same size. There are always the working people, simple, good-natured, loving any right action; and then a few educated, bright and good men and women who are trying to make headway against the ossified intellects of the leisure class.

If, for example, it were not for a few like Uncle Hiram Waldo, Fay Lewis, Dr. Harned and Eleanor Holland (the best man in a town is often some brave little woman) Rockford society would have been in its grave long ago—dead of inanition.

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